

ARTHUR NORRIS OR A MODERN KNIGHT



LEIGH NORTH



Class PZ3

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ARTHUR NORRIS
OR
A MODERN KNIGHT



LUCY

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BY

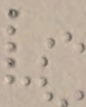
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ILLUSTRATIONS

LUCY - - - - -	FRONTISPIECE	✓
“THEY HAD LONG AND DELIGHTFUL RAMBLES TOGETHER” - - - - -	opp. p. 26	✓
“BLOWS RAINED HARD AND FAST” - - - -	“ 54	✓
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CHAPTER FIRST

ARTHUR



THE school house stood quite near the edge of a high bluff, which in some places sloped, and in others made a sheer drop to the river below. It did not seem the most well chosen spot for a school house, and strangers were apt to have visions of all too rapid descents into the water; but the land had been given, and the Town Council had thought it expedient to accept.

And in fact accidents had been rare, the worst, perhaps, being that of little Johnny Beers, who had slipped over once when the river was in flood, and been finally dragged unconscious from the water. But he soon revived and rather enjoyed the notice and commiseration that his mishap drew upon him.

As to the rest of the children, particularly the more adventurous boys and girls, they found it a "bully slide," and in spite of the teacher's

admonitions, and now and then a sharper reminder at home, as it was bad for frocks and trousers, sliding or rolling down was popular, and Arthur Norris, slightly built and something of an athlete in his way, had even jumped down, while the others held their breath and viewed with admiration the achievement of such a feat.

Some few of the scholars lived on the other side of the river, and accomplished its transit in divers fashions. It was a somewhat fickle river, dwindling to a mere thread in long droughts, and pouring a torrential flood after heavy rains.

When meaning to cross, some waded the stream, others made the passage by a shakely little foot bridge, and a third contingent, whose parents or who themselves were of a more cautious turn, rose earlier, and took a long detour to pass over a substantial structure some distance away.

Arthur Norris' rival in both studies and sports was a certain Jack Bentham, who lived across the river, and was his close second and sometimes his equal in all things. But the rivalry of the boys was almost always of a pleas-

ant nature, and there was seldom any ill will between them.

On rare occasions Jack would even swim the river, carrying most of his garments on his head, and despising to go around by either of the bridges. But there came a day, after a wild storm, that the river seemed quite impassable; both bridges were more or less damaged, the smaller being swept away by the fierce flow of the waters.

No scholars could, it was thought, get across; some even stood ruefully on the opposite bank, gazing at the watery barrier. Miss Adams, the teacher, was very popular, and outside of the drudgery of school hours, which she made as easy as she could, there were play and companionship which they did not want to miss.

The sun was shining brightly, and Jack, brave but foolhardy, declared he meant to swim across. Protests had no effect; he was quite obstinately determined. Even Miss Adams' positive command, screamed across at the top of her lungs when she discovered his intention, was unheeded.

Either her voice did not carry, or he had made up his mind to disobey. Arthur might

get ahead of him if he stayed away. So he plunged in and began his battle with the waters, watched by an anxious group on either side of the banks. Cries and shouts resounded:

“Go it, Jack!”

“Turn back!”

“Bully for you!”

and the like, alternating with spells of painful silence, when the watchers almost held their breath.

Soon it became evident that it was as difficult to turn back as to go forward. It took all his strength to resist the force of the waves, and not be swept down stream. Again and again he was submerged, again and again he raised his head above the flood, but progress seemed impossible.

The situation grew tense. Was the brave lad to be lost? No help was near. A rope could not reach him, nor could a boat be launched, had there been one within a radius of miles. A moment more and his strength was quite evidently failing.

“Oh, foolish boy!” cried Miss Adams, wringing her hands, while the children began to scream and cry.

Then there was a stir among the watching

crowd, and Arthur Norris shot like an arrow down the bank, and plunged into the water.

"Fight, fight, I must win," muttered the boy, and put out all his strength. How merciless seemed the stream in the onward dash of its shining waves, almost laughing in their flashing brightness at the two puny human beings who struggled against them. Jack disappeared. Arthur had nearly but not quite reached him.

One almost superhuman effort and the two were together; but oh, appalling sight, both disappeared. A pause that seemed like ages, and once more they were both visible, the new swimmer skilfully aiding his comrade. At last, at last there was progress! They were gaining! They were coming! Down the slope with a loud cry rushed teacher and scholars.

Into the water plunged Eleanor Adams, that she might be the nearer to extend a helping hand. Waist deep and hardly able to keep her footing, she grasped at the approaching figures. One moment and she had touched them. Jack was unconscious, Arthur spent; but one more struggle, and they lay, side by side, on the river bank, still alive.

CHAPTER SECOND

LUCY



LUCY DAYTON and Arthur Norris were schoolmates, and the best of friends. At times they were even rivals in class; but if Lucy went above him in the spelling match, he was far ahead in arithmetic and other studies, and their rivalry was always friendly, as was that of Jack and Arthur.

Both boys had a warm side for their pretty schoolmate, who, in her turn, was friendly with both; but in his secret heart Arthur felt that he was the favorite, and, boy as he was, registered a vow to himself that some day he would make her his wife.

School ended, and there being no hope for the college education which she would fain have entered upon, home duties became more absorbing, and the place of eldest sister in a family of several children was no sinecure. Lucy had lost

her own mother when a child and her memories of her were the tenderest and most beautiful.

It had been a blow to the quiet little girl, when, after a year or two, her father had brought home a stranger to occupy that mother's place. But she made no protest, was an affectionate and dutiful child, and, as in time one little brother or sister was added to the family circle in turn, she grew attached not only to them, but to their mother as well.

The second Mrs. Dayton had been a pretty and frivolous girl, in no way, except in looks, the equal of her predecessor. She was fond of her children but irregular in her government of them, alternately too indulgent and too restrictive. She was sincerely attached to her step-daughter, but a temper somewhat fretful and irritable was rendered even less placid by the care of a family, and she was not always reasonable in her requirements.

"Lucy, why can't you keep the children quiet? You know I told you my head ached this morning."

"I am trying, mamma, but you know a stormy day like this makes them seem doubly noisy."

"If you would put away your everlasting books and writing, you would have more time to attend to your duties. I thought when you had done school that would be the end of them; but they seem as much around as ever."

Lucy gathered up her books and papers, and silently proceeded to put them away. She must choose some other time for the studies she had no mind to abandon. Her school life had seemed to her but laying the foundation for future improvement.

If she could not go to college she could at least make some progress by private study, but it was quite plain this must be indeed private, and it was useless to try for anything of the sort in the midst of the family circle.

"Lucy," called a fretful little voice, her mother in miniature, "come and read to me!"

"Yes, Maud," answered the elder sister pleasantly, "I'll come for a little while if you don't whine about it."

"I say, Lucy, Harry won't let me have the tool box!" and in bounced a girl and two boys.

"Girls should not play with tools anyhow," cried Harry in self-defence, "and Rufus is too little."

"I'm older than you are, mister," answered Minnie with some asperity, "if I am a girl!"

"Why don't you go to mother with your disputes?" Lucy said quietly.

"Oh, she just says 'don't bother'! Make Harry give it to us," cried Minnie.

"You youngsters don't seem to know what to do with yourselves if a holiday and a storm come together. Suppose you let the tool box alone, and sit down and listen while I read to Maud for a little while, and perhaps by that time it may clear so that you can go out of doors to play."

So, as was often the case, the warring elements were pacified, and harmony restored by the elder sister's ministrations. Minnie was especially devoted to her, and Lucy's quiet influence was already beginning to mould the girl's character.

The two boys were full of fun, mischief and life; Harry, the elder, being the leader in all enterprises, good and bad; while the youngest child, Maud, was proportionally petted and given up to by her mother and generally secured her own way by fretting, till everybody was thankful to yield so as to keep her quiet.

Mr. Dayton was absorbed in business and in books and papers when at home, and left the regulation of the children much in his wife's hands, seldom interfering or exercising authority unless matters assumed serious proportions. He had a peculiar tenderness for his eldest daughter, the image of her mother, the love of his youth; but he was not a demonstrative man, and Lucy hardly knew of the strength of her father's feeling towards her.

He liked young Norris, and was aware that there was some attachment between the young people, but anything further was a thing of the distant future, and meanwhile he was glad to have her at home, and realized that she was a very useful member of the family.

The reading over, Lucy decided that the boys might go out of doors. "And Minnie," she said, "you take Maud into my room, and let her look over your paper dolls."

The little girl looked rebellious for a moment, but the steady glance of those grey eyes, and the gentle "to please me, dear!" won the day, and she complied.

Then Lucy went to the assistance of her mother, and listened for the next hour or two

to a stream of talk, gossiping details of the village, from which her thoughts would wander to Arthur, and to picturing his daily life and occupations in his new city home.

CHAPTER THIRD

BOTH



ARTHUR NORRIS left the Amboy Academy with two distinct intentions in his mind. First, to take up the study of the ministry, and second, as soon as he was placed in charge of a parish, to make Lucy Dayton his wife, theology and matrimony having a well known affinity for each other.

Classmates in the school, they had studied side by side, and, though perhaps no defined engagement existed between them, each understood the other's mind, and looked forward with gladness to a future together.

He was the more enthusiastic and impulsive, sanguine of his plans and hopes of success, and the more easily cast down; Lucy the more patient, unruffled and steadily cheerful.

"You change my blues to rose color," he would say playfully, when her bright serenity

dissipated some passing cloud, while his enthusiasm was the inspiration of her life, and made some of the petty annoyances of home seem insignificant. In their studies his quicker intellect first grasped and conquered all difficulties, but her steady perseverance left her not far behind.

“We are the hare and the tortoise!” was her comparison.

But the laugh was turned against her when he answered, “Who beat that race?”

He carried off the first honors of the class, while Lucy sat proud and silent, watching the glowing face and impassioned gestures of the young speaker, satisfied that her more modest attainments called for no public exhibition on her part.

Arthur was tall and well formed, with broad forehead, brilliant eyes and a frank, manly look that was very attractive; Lucy of slighter build, with an oval face, soft hair, grey eyes and a quiet manner that seemed to avoid rather than draw attention to her real charms. So opinions differed as to her claims to beauty.

One called her lovely, another demurred; but in Arthur’s eyes she was the very perfection

of womanhood, her beauty beyond dispute, her mind and manners the most remarkable and charming among her associates. Lucy knew and valued her lover's high opinion, but it humbled rather than exalted her. She was not worthy of it, she told herself, but only sought to reach his ideal.

Their opinions and tastes agreed in most matters, but differed enough to leave room for long arguments now and then and avoid the tameness of a constant uniformity. Together they looked forward to his entry upon a career of active usefulness.

But he pictured to himself the wide field of a city, where his eloquence might make its mark, and his duties comprehend not only the well-to-do classes, but the larger sphere of missionary effort among the poor and degraded of some great town. Her vision was of a country home, a life among rural neighbors, both poor and rich; to whom the years would but bind them closer in the bonds of a common interest, sympathy and friendship.

In the meanwhile both waited, and, in their different ways, worked. Athletics, too, had their share of ardent interest for Arthur; the returns

from all the big games were eagerly read or listened to. He himself was one of the best of pitchers, the swiftest of runners, and to the classically minded his lithe, light figure had a certain resemblance to the flying Mercury, image of youthful beauty and grace.

Lithe as a panther, some one said of him, while he considered it a great compliment that another remarked he "climbed like a cat." At work or play alike he threw his whole heart into it, and the base ball team considered itself in the best possible shape when Arthur Norris was counted on its nine. Sometimes his aunt remonstrated,

"Arthur, you'll kill yourself before your time if you go at everything so hard. You have no repose of manner."

"At my age I should think not, Auntie; that belongs to the ladies; at any rate, Lucy will have to look to that department for me. It is better to wear out than to rust out."

"Well, I think there is little doubt that you will wear out—and perhaps too soon, too."

"Why, do you know," said the boy earnestly, "sometimes I grudge the hours I spend in sleep."

Life is so full and beautiful, and there is so much always to do and see."

"Well, you are young. After a while I suppose you'll feel differently, like the rest of us. But, being a woman, I was never so energetically disposed myself, and I feel less like violent action as time goes on, and"—with a sigh for the lost delights of former journeyings—"I don't even care to travel so fast as I once did."

CHAPTER FOURTH

“AUNT HAN ”



RTHUR NORRIS often said laughingly, “I have three homes.” And his bright, genial disposition and frank, attractive ways made him a general favorite. He had lost both parents when quite young, and his father’s brother had then taken charge of him; but his aunt’s health requiring, as she thought, a prolonged absence in Europe, she had not wished to be burdened with the care of a child, so he was early sent to a boarding school, where he remained till the return of the travellers, when he was transferred to the Amboy Academy and won his first spurs, as it were, by the rescue of Jack Bentham.

He soon made friends wherever he went, and had spent so long at boarding school that he quite regarded it in the light of a home.

During the years they were together he and his uncle became much attached, and he learned

to turn aside or joke about Mrs. Norris' daily complaints over the lost delights of Europe.

"There is nothing to see and nothing to do here," she would say.

"Oh, come now, Auntie, are not rolling prairies and a free people better than ruined castles and effete monarchies?"

"So little cultivation and such poor manners!"

"Well, then, you must stay here and give us the light of your countenance and raise the standard; that is a fine job, a worthy ambition, isn't it?"

And if the clouds still lowered he would give her a hug or a kiss, and she was always mollified; for she really loved the boy, and her "Go away, Bear!" was in a softer tone.

Lastly, there was another modest little home where he was ever a welcome guest, and whose mistress would gladly have shared her last crust with him, had she not feared to stand in the boy's light. Miss Hannah Scott, "Aunt Han" as she was familiarly known by all her young friends, lived alone, save for the attendance of a little maid.

She was a half sister of, and much older

than, Arthur's mother; but she would gladly have claimed him for her own had she not recognized his uncle's nearer relationship, and feared that with straightened means she could give him few advantages. She was but a simple soul, yet it was with her that the little fellow had had his truest experience of mother love; and the small griefs of childhood were saved up to be poured into the sympathetic ear of "Aunt Han."

She was glad and proud of his school-boy successes, and shed tears of joy at learning of his intention to enter the ministry. Who can tell what her own gentle influence may have had to do with the matter? For she had always held it up to his childish eyes as the noblest profession.

"It seems most bold and forward of me to say such a thing, but that's the one only reason why I ever did want to be a man, to be a minister; and now," laying her trembling hands on his shoulders, and lifting her wet eyes to the ardent young face above her, "I feel just like Jonadab, the son of Rechab, as if I'd got a man to stand before the Lord for me forever."

"Oh, you bold, bad woman, bless you!" the

young fellow would cry, stooping to kiss her, "there is many a minister who has not done as much good in this world as you have!"

"Oh, my dear boy," protested the good lady, "don't say such a thing, you'll turn my head and make me vain. Good as a minister, indeed! I guess not!"

"Well, I suppose there are ministers and ministers," admitted Arthur; "but I do maintain if they were all as good as you the world would be a better place."

"How I should love to be a foreign missionary!" sighed Aunt Han; "but I never thought of it when I was young enough, and now it is too late."

"But you are a domestic missionary, my Jonadab, and they are just as much needed. Who helps the poor people as far as she is able, and puts cheer into their hearts when they are repining and despondent? Who goes to her neighbors in sickness and trouble to give what aid she can? Who persuades little girls to be neat and sensible? I am sure many a man in the future will thank Aunt Han for his wife's capabilities? Didn't you teach Lucy to make button-holes? You know you did. Who tries

to keep boys out of mischief—their natural element—even naughty nephews?” with a roguish laugh.

“Who goes without a spring bonnet to give a little more to the Church, and who stands by her minister loyally when he has services and meetings at inconvenient times, or in any parish crisis where a woman can be of use? ‘Piggy, Wiggy,’ as the old game says? No, indeed, just Aunt Han! I know all about it, you see!” And with a merry burst of laughter, he would take himself off exclaiming, “Oh, these Aunties!”

While Miss Scott with a reflected smile on her lips would turn back to some trifling task in the dainty neatness of the cottage, or betake herself to a bit of sewing for the missionary box, thanking the Lord again that she had a man to stand before Him.

CHAPTER FIFTH

COLLEGE LIFE

INTO his college life Arthur threw all the enthusiasm of his nature. If he was not at the head of every class he was always near the top, and consumed more "midnight oil" than was quite judicious, in the pursuit of his object.

Athletics, too, claimed a large share of his time; he was on the base ball team, fine at foot ball, on "the 'Varsity Eleven," in the boat races, and the swiftest runner and highest jumper in his set. Consequently, holidays found him much reduced in weight, and Aunt Norris protested that he was "thinner than a rail."

In social life he took less share; he made a few friends among the young men's families, but Lucy was the star of his thoughts, and no other attraction drew him from her. So he did not frequently attend the dances and "hops,"

and sometimes, even when present, was a mere onlooker.

His old teacher Miss Adams, now Mrs. Raymond, however, had a modest little home in his college town. There he was frequently a welcome guest and a prime favorite with the baby, who would begin to coo and gurgle at sight of him, remembering the tossings and other attractions which he afforded her.

"Arthur," laughed Mrs. Raymond, "I let you outrage all the modern baby conventions, and Lucy had better look out or this young lady will try and usurp her place. No one else has made his way so easily into her good graces. I really believe, when she begins to talk, she will try to say 'Arthur' before she does 'Mamma.' But don't you do it, Baby, or I shall be very jealous."

Aunt Norris was not at all satisfied with Arthur's fondness for Lucy. She would have been glad for her nephew to make a match among the rich and distinguished, and bewailed to her husband that he had so early set his affections on so quiet and undistinguished a girl.

"It is such a pity," she sighed, "for he is really a brilliant fellow."

"Oh," said easy-going Mr. Norris, who was rather fond of Lucy, "she is a quiet little puss, but I don't doubt he will be happier than with something more fly-a-way."

In the Brotherhoods for helpful service Arthur also took a great interest, and as large a share as his studies, which he tried never to neglect, would permit.

"Norris," said one of his classmates, "I believe you manage to do twice as much as some of the other fellows without killing yourself. How do you do it?"

"By being born and bred with as little flesh on my bones as possible, and having rubber muscles, perhaps!" laughed Arthur in reply. "It was intended I should do many things," and his face grew more thoughtful as he called to mind the future life he had planned for himself.

Long letters to Lucy, written not so often as they could both have wished, also were more or less time consumers, and to these were added shorter ones to his uncle and aunt Norris, and to others, not least of all dear "Aunt Han." And the old lady gloated over them as among her dearest treasures, and read them again and

again, sometimes smiling, sometimes tearful. And now and then, if rarely, she and Lucy compared notes.

"Lucy, dear, look after Aunt Han," had been Arthur's parting word.

And indeed Lucy found great comfort in her talks with Aunt Han. Home life was not always congenial, nor her step-mother—barring the fact that she really cared for her—an enlivening or inspiring companion. She had no taste for gossip, and secretly wearied, though she said little, of the many complaints of servants, children or neighbors, and even her husband and general conditions.

"Oh, please don't say anything about father!" Lucy would protest gently.

"Well, you know, Lucy, as well as I do, that he don't half look after things, or keep the children in order."

And Lucy did know, but tried not to admit it even to herself; father was so dear, and he was busy with his books and other things. He left the government to his wife, and matters might perhaps have been a little better or gone more smoothly if he had not. Lucy did not talk much of Arthur at home, and even carried

his letters in her pocket for hours to get a chance to read them when she was quiet and alone.

But with Aunt Han, Arthur and his doings were subjects alike welcome to the elder woman and the girl, both of whom missed his cheerful and enlightening presence from their daily life.

"He is always so optimistic," said Lucy.

"Yes, the dear boy, it is like a ray of sunshine to have him come into the house."

"Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, Senior!" said Lucy, looking forward to the years without him with a half sigh. Oh, if she could only have been at college, too, keeping up with him as far as might be!

Studying at home was so difficult, so almost impossible with conditions as they were. The little country parish in the dim future which she sometimes thought of seemed like a haven of rest.



"THEY HAD LONG AND DELIGHTFUL RAMBLES
TOGETHER"

CHAPTER SIXTH

THE BULL



VACATION came as a welcome break after the strenuous life of the last few months, strenuous alike in mental and physical effort, and Arthur was advised by his uncle and aunt, and begged by Lucy, to take things easy, and be "lazy for a change."

The young fellow was somewhat overwrought, and not altogether indisposed to follow the advice. At least for the present, he said to himself, they would have a quiet time, he and Lucy. "Dear little Puss" he called her in his thoughts, just as his uncle had done.

Lucy loved quiet, he loved action; but there was a time for each. And now they had long and delightful rambles together, pouring out their thoughts and feelings to each other with greater fulness and freedom than letter writing would allow.

"If you were not going to be a minister, would you like to be a professional base ball player?" Lucy asked one day. "You are so fond of it and such a good player!"

Arthur hesitated.

"Yes, I am fond of it, there is no better sport," and he flung out his arms as if he were casting a ball; "and," thoughtfully, "it gives pleasure to a lot of people. Pleasure is a good thing, too; but no, work is better, and I couldn't, I couldn't be anything but a minister. It is old fashioned to say so, but it's true, it is the noblest profession, and I have always wanted to be a minister since I was a child.

"That's not saying, however, that you can't do your share of the world's work, and help it on in any sphere. Who has done better work all her life than Aunt Han? She has been a mother to the motherless, and a friend and neighbor to the poor and helpless all her life. But," with a sudden change of the subject, "let me tell you about that last ball game. It was clear luck, though.

"It was in the last inning. They'd beaten us by five runs, and we were not doing much hitting. I was on first, and their pitcher got a

little crazy, I guess, and on the ninth inning we had three men on the bases, only one run in, as they say, and only one man out. Two strikes were called for the next batter. I was feeling put out at the way things were going, and ready to start for the club house as soon as the game was ended, which it soon promised to be. He sent an easy, short fly to the centre field.

“Then I tore down to second, and yelled at the top of my voice. The centre wanted to catch the ball. Of a sudden I saw a runner ahead, watching the fielder. I could not get back to first if he threw. So I yelled ‘Third!’ That fellow caught the ball, and heaved to third base while I tore back to first. Centre man heaved the ball over third base man’s head, two runs scored, and I got back to first and second before the ball was found.”

Lucy was listening with rapt attention, though her knowledge of games was limited, when a sudden exclamation from Arthur and a quick break in his narrative startled her.

“My heavens! There is a bull in that field and a lot of children, and the bull looks ugly!”

Lucy turned, and saw a party of children with a teacher, busily picking daisies, with no

thought of the menacing danger. The bull had lifted his head, and with evident disapproval was advancing towards the intruders.

"Get the children out!" shouted Arthur, as he vaulted the fence.

At once terror seized the party, and they began to run wildly in different directions. Meanwhile Lucy had swiftly followed him, and was helping some of the frightened children to climb the fence.

"Be quiet, dears, but be quick!" she said to silence a terrified scream.

Arthur sped towards the enemy, seizing, as he ran, a red handkerchief which one of the children had over her shoulders. Teacher and children followed Lucy's lead and tumbled over the fence, which was a strong one. Arthur, waving his scarlet flag, ran on. The huge beast paused, and then made a rush at him. With the lithe spring of a panther, and the skill of a Spanish toreador, the boy sprang to one side and then agilely to the other.

If only he could keep the beast occupied till they were all safe! His athletic training stood him in good stead. Again and again the bull lunged at him, again and again he managed to

avoid the onrush of the big beast. It was a fine sight, but one that carried a deadly fear to the heart of the girl who loved her hero.

"Come, Arthur," she cried at last, "they are all safe. Save yourself before it is too late!"

He dared not look behind, and every nerve and muscle were at their highest tension, as he slowly retreated, facing his foe, gasping now and still springing from side to side, waving his red flag. If he could only throw it over the bull's head to blind him, if but for a few minutes! It seemed the last chance; the space between them was narrowing, and his forces were failing.

Wildly he flung his red rag. It hung on the bull's horns, and covered one eye. It maddened the animal, and with a last forward dash he caught Arthur's clothing and flung him afar, happily over the fence, then paused as if astonished at what he had done. The fence was a barrier, how puny against his mighty strength, luckily, he did not realize.

Arthur fell heavily to the ground and lay unconscious. Lucy dropped beside him and leaned over him, white to the lips. The children in an awed group gathered around. The teacher was in tears. The bull, author of the

trouble, snorted, turned, and trotted to the other end of the field.

"Run for water, somebody!" cried Lucy, and water and help soon arrived.

"What did you go into that field for? It's a durned critter!" said the owner, somewhat crossly.

"We did not see the bull," chorused the children.

"There should have been a warning sign," the teacher, somewhat recovered from her tears, remarked severely.


"Yes, I 'spose so," admitted the man, scratching his head. "Well, I'll hitch up a wagon and take you all home, and for the land's sake stay there! He ain't dead!" he said, surveying Arthur coolly.

The latter stirred and opened his eyes.

"That was a tussle!" he said.

CHAPTER SEVENTH

BACK TO WORK

 OY-LIKE, Arthur had a great objection to the lionizing that followed his dangerous adventure with the bull, the report of which spread wildly through the town. His uncle's playful references, after he was sure that his dear boy had received no permanent injury, to the "bull fight," and his aunt's nickname of "Toreador" did not greatly disturb him.

But to be seized by the hand by elderly gentlemen and ladies, and threatened with kisses by mothers and even daughters, proved embarrassing, and brought the ruddy color surging to the roots of his hair; so that finally he would look apprehensively from the door to see if any one was in sight before venturing forth.

"To make such a fuss!" he declared impatiently to Lucy. "It was not so much to do—it was because I had had a good training in

athletics that I was able to spring out of the way so easily."

"Yes," Lucy said gently, "but there is no use in pretending that everybody could have done it, and oh, how thankful we should be that you escaped any real injury!"

"I know, I know," he answered, "I don't mean to be ungrateful to either God or man. Of course it might have ended in a tragedy, if not for me, for some of the others; for he was a big fellow and ugly. And I doubt, too, if all would have escaped if you had not been brave enough to go into the field and so calmly manage those frightened children. Oh, you are a trump!"

Nevertheless, the return to college appealed to Arthur more than he had expected. There at least he should be free from much of the attention which he found rather overwhelming here.

"Play is a good thing," he wrote to Lucy, "but work is better, and I am hard at it now. Oh, I know you will tell me I am all the more ready for it on account of a holiday, and no doubt you are right; but I am glad to be out of the way of Mr. Bull at last.

“Thank goodness, the fellows have not got hold of it here, and I just shut Eleanor Raymond up when she began on the subject—of course somebody must needs write her—but she understands, bless her! and the baby can’t talk yet. Only, honey, I do miss my walks with my Lucy, and once in a while I go off by myself and just try to imagine you are along.

“But college is first rate, and even the hazing as a Freshman was not half bad. Now of course I’m a Sophomore and beyond such things, and will take my turn at the other fellows.

“But, speaking of walks, I must tell you of an adventure I had the other day. I was some distance off in the country, when I heard something like a groan; and behind a hedge I found a hard looking customer lying on the ground, and evidently in great pain. As I bent over him I could smell the liquor, and he greeted me with a volley of oaths and foul abuse of ‘the blasted rich.’

“‘Hold on,’ I said, ‘you’ll burst your boilers letting off so much steam. And how about the blamed poor? If you drink all the time, I’ll be bound some of the blame is yours.’

"He winked an eye at me and said humorously, 'Shut up, kid, you're no minister!'

" 'Not yet,' I replied, 'but what can I do for you?'

" 'I'm done for already,' he groaned, and let off more oaths.

" 'Oh, no,' I answered; for, though I could see he was badly hurt, his voice was too strong, and he too fighting full to be near dying, as he evidently thought he was. 'You can be patched up, all right, if I can only find out some way to get you to a hospital.'

"At that he protested, but I paid no attention, and, to make a long story short, it seemed he had been in a strike and got hurt in the rioting; and though he was wounded he was afraid of arrest; and managed to make off some distance before he gave out. So finally I got help, and we took him to the hospital, where he is likely to remain for a while, and sober up. And now, part of my job here will be to keep an eye on him, and see if I can't break up his taste for whiskey, and put a few new ideas into his head. He's only heard one side, poor fellow.

"He is the strongest case of class hatred I've ever come across, and sometimes when I go to

see him he is as surly as possible, spends all his time abusing those who are better off, and won't even admit he is glad to see me; but I can see that he is, and if Patrick Smit (he is half Irish, half German, with no apparent relations) can't be made to stand on his feet once more, and take hold of life in a better way, it won't be for want of trying on my part.

"It makes one's blood boil to hear some of his tales of the oppression of the poor workers; but strikes are a bad weapon, a two-edged sword that cuts both ways, and does as much harm to the innocent as to the guilty. Nor is the blame all on one side, when one thinks of the frequently unreasonable demands and broken agreements, and, worst of all, the union's utter intolerance of all outside their own ranks. But you'll be saying 'shut up, kid,' too, if I don't stop."

CHAPTER EIGHTH

LUCY'S ADVENTURE



DEAR Arthur," wrote Lucy in reply, "we are all so interested in your poor man. I do hope he will come out all right, and if anybody can make him I am sure you can." ("Oh, of course!" laughed Arthur.) "And you must be sure and always tell us about him when you write. Of course Aunt Han is interested, and I wish she were near enough to help you, as I am sure she could.

"And now I have had an adventure myself, too, which is not altogether pleasant to think of, and which, like your experience with the bull, might have turned out tragically, only, thank God, it didn't! If I were writing an article such as one often sees in the papers and magazines, called 'People I have met,' I could now say, 'A Burglar.'

"It happened in this way: The Rays, of

whom you know papa is very fond, begged for a little visit from me, Marian not being very well. Of course mamma did not want me to go, said she could not spare me and so forth, and I gave it up in my own mind, though I felt I should like a little change; sometimes the youngsters, bless them, do tease a little, and a change refreshes everybody!

“But for once papa was quite decided, and said he would engage some extra help while I was gone, but that I should go. So off I went, and the Rays were lovely and gave me the warmest kind of a welcome. But Marian got rather worse than better, and we all began to feel a little worried about her.

“So one night, having forgotten to take any ice water up with me, I got very thirsty, and quite in the middle of the night I lit the little lantern which Mr. Ray has kept in each room—for he is very much afraid of fire, and will allow no candles carried about—and went down after some.

“Just as I got to the bottom of the stairs I heard a movement in the dining room, and saw a light, when out walked a man with a dark lantern and confronted me. He said, ‘Shut up,

or I'll shoot you!' and made as if he would go up stairs.

"I don't know what kept me so cool, but I felt if Marian got a fright it might kill her. So I just set down my lantern, took hold of the banisters on either side and said very quietly,

" 'There is a sick person up there, and you shall not go up.' He gave a sort of short laugh; I suppose he thought it absurd for a slip of a girl like me to oppose him, looked at me in a sort of amusement, and said,

" 'You're a blamed brick!'

" 'Do open the door, and go out quietly,' I went on, 'and I'll shut it after you. It's a bad trade you are in, but perhaps you have not been taught any better. There is nothing up there you can get at. It won't do you any good to kill me, for I shan't let you pass. There are men up there with revolvers (so there were, Mr. Ray and Tom both). I would not want them to kill you, and there is a sick person you might frighten to death. I don't even want to call, but I will if you try to go any further. Please, please, go away! I do love the sick person, and I don't want you to hurt her.' I looked at him steadily and said, 'Oh, please!' again.

“What made him I don’t know; but he hesitated a moment, muttered something to himself, turned and unfastened the front door, and, after looking cautiously up and down the street, went out.

“Then I locked it after him—I don’t know how I could have been so calm—blew out my lantern, I can’t tell why, groped my way up stairs, and fell in a kind of faint at Mr. Ray’s door, where he presently came out and found me.

“‘Don’t disturb Marian,’ I begged, as soon as I came to myself, and then told him all about it. He took his pistol and went down, but there was no sign of the burglar, only a few things disturbed in the dining room, and nothing taken but a little gold chain that Mrs. Ray had been having mended and forgotten; otherwise they might have thought it was all a dream or fancy on my part, and there had been no burglar.

“I know just how you felt about the bull, for they all made a big fuss over me, and I only wanted to run away and hide. I had really done nothing. If he had attempted to come up, or to hurt me, I should have had to call out. The burglar is a bad man, of course, but who knows how he was brought up; and I should not

have wanted Mr. Ray to come down with his revolver and shoot—perhaps kill him.”

“Oh, my dear little Santa Lucia” (one of the many pet names he bestowed upon her), was Arthur’s reply, “how brave you are, and what a mercy that you escaped any injury! It turns me cold to think of it!”

CHAPTER NINTH

THE RUNAWAY.



DISCHARGED from the hospital, Arthur's protégé dogged his footsteps. Sometimes drunk, sometimes sober, he was always coming across his path. When drunk he usually addressed Arthur as "Your Reverence!" or "Your Honor!" When sober he sometimes called him "Mein Herr!"

"I say, Smit, why don't you let whiskey alone?" protested Arthur.

"Well, your Reverence, it's the devil of it gets into me, and sure it's as swate as any girl!" winking roguishly.

But after all Arthur was encouraged to believe that there was improvement; the man would keep entirely sober to complete a job, now and then, being what is called "handy" in various lines. His dress became a trifle neater, he

swore less frequently, and his diatribes had lost something of their bitterness.

"I suppose you call me the blasted rich, Mr. Patrick," Arthur said.

"Well, if ye are, ye're good enough to be the blamed poor, anyway," with a twinkle in his eye.

"I'm inclined to think I've got myself a bodyguard for life," Arthur wrote home; "but some day I shall wash my hands of him, and leave my job for Aunt Han to finish."

One day an incident occurred which involved both in what might have proved serious disaster. A lively horse, frightened by an automobile, dashed down the street, the reins dragging, while in the vehicle behind sat two terrified women, the one trying to grasp at the reins, the other screaming in terror, "We'll be killed!"

Arthur and Patrick were walking together. Arthur sprang at the head of the flying steed, grasped at the bridle, seized it and was dragged along.

"Bedad, and the bye 'll be kilt!" and Patrick threw himself into the breach; with a fierce run and jump he, too, sped at the bridle, and between

them they managed to halt the beast, but not till Arthur was flung on the ground, the breath almost knocked from his body. Patrick clung stubbornly to the horse, and by and by brought him to a standstill.

Of course a crowd soon collected; Arthur was picked up little the worse, the women were helped out, while some one took care of the trembling animal, and Patrick was the hero of the day.

“’Twas the little minister, bless him, as caught him first!” but the glory of the occasion was not entirely unwelcome to Patrick.

“I’m like a cat and have nine lives,” said Arthur. “I manage to escape or, I should say, have the good fortune to escape, so many things that might have proved injurious if not fatal to some one. Now, Smit, if you had not been half sober, you could not have done any good.” This by way of conveying a lesson.

“Indade, if I’d been whole drunk, your Honor, I’d ’a been so heavy I’d ’a stopped him at once,” with his usual humorous wink.

“Oh, you’re incorrigible!” Arthur retorted, but he could not help laughing.

So arm in arm, like brothers, they went their

way, Arthur trying to improve the occasion by a few serious words, Patrick turning them aside with some merry jest with which he was always overflowing, but paying more heed, his young friend hoped, than he appeared to do.

"Now, your Honor, we need to be run away with, or run over by an automobile, to show what else we can do."

"And if you don't try to walk straighter," Arthur retorted, as his companion lurched towards him, "you sure will be run over, my man."

"And ain't ye pleased, your Reverence, that I'm not fightin' anybody?"

"Yes, I am," returned Arthur, "I don't want to see you broken up again as badly as you were when we took you to the hospital!"

"Sure, an' I'll never be fighting again!" said Patrick, solemnly—"not till next time," he grinned.

"I suppose not," said his mentor; "you're better employed catching wild horses."

Sophomore year seemed to Arthur to have enlarged his views, and to have put him more in touch with the life around him. He enjoyed the good fellowship with the members of his

class, but he also seemed to realize more fully the purpose of it all, the gain from his student life, the goal of his studies and researches; also the training involved in athletics, not only the physical advantage, but the discipline, the self-control that it involved. It took on a new aspect to him; he felt the worth while of it more than ever before, and yet the difficulty of keeping both departments properly balanced.

“All work and no play,” he said to himself, “makes Jack a dull boy; but all play and no work makes him a mere toy, or may, if he don’t guard against it.”

CHAPTER TENTH

THE LURE OF THE WEST



IN his Junior year Arthur received a letter, and more than one, from his old schoolmate, Jack Bentham, who had gone West to make his fortune. The boys had seldom written to each other, though each retained a warm feeling for his old schoolmate. But suddenly a correspondence sprang up between them, and several letters passed.

“Oh, chuck your old books, say I, and come out to the wild and woolly West,” wrote Jack. “It’s worth a dozen cities, this life on the plains, always on the go, always in the open. I would not go back to what you call civilization for anything you could name. You cut me out with the prettiest girl around, but come out here and I’ll forgive you. Come, that’s a good fellow, and take your chances with me. And there are sinners a-plenty—hard cusses too, if you want the job of converting them.”

“Come!” again urged Jack in another letter. “I’ll tell you frankly, it’s not all play, it’s what many would call a hard life, heat, and cold, and fatigue. I wouldn’t fool you if I could. But you never were a quitter; that would not stop you, I know, and work in the open is so different from a close, indoor life.

“We have a log house and a bunk or a shake-down, and one sleeps like a top under one’s blankets, such sleep as one never gets all crowded up between stuffy walls, and rises in the morning with ‘a fistful of strength.’ Then as for grub, Lord, what an appetite one has! No matter what you get, it tastes like nothing ever tasted before—so good!

“Then, best of all, the riding, flying, tearing like a madman, like the devil, over the plain, chasing the beasts who fly like the wind, flinging your rope and bringing them down, feeling a man every inch of you! What is a city life compared to this? Then conquering your steed, sticking to him no matter how he jumps, or bucks, or rolls. Oh, it is fine! One gets to be what we used to study about in school—a regular Centaur.

“And when it is cold, one has a rousing fire

indoors and feels no chill. No locks and no bars to our houses. No bother about clothes, no fancy touches out here, I can tell you. One sees Indians once in a while, a few, a miserable lot, not as many as one used to see, half dressed, or wrapped in blankets, hanging around little settlement stations, half drunk, good for nothing; or on their reservations, more or less civilized, making a try at the white man's life.

"Come and convert them. The noble Red Man of the past is hardly to be found. Some of the fellows still say there is no Indian like a dead one. Poor devils, one can't help feeling half sorry for them, but it's all in the march of progress.

"I think if I'd been born an Indian I'd feel like shooting up a white fellow on sight, and be done with it. Such riders as they used to be, but the cowboy is up to them now. Come, my dear fellow. Be free. Be a cowboy."

A sudden unrest seemed to seize Arthur. He wearied of the daily routine; it seemed to him monotonous as it had never done before. Strange questionings arose in his mind. What was the good of it all? What would he, or it, accomplish after all? What was worth while?

What did life mean? What did it lead to? His brain seemed in a whirl. A kind of fever seized him. He read thirstily, eagerly, every book he could find on the subject of Western life.

All day long his thoughts were divided between the daily routine and the pictures Jack had drawn. Sleeping he dreamed of sunrise over a vast prairie, of mad gallops across the plain, of life, unrestricted life in the open. Air, sky, space, with freedom at command, freedom such as he had never experienced. Then the "monochrome of winter," as someone had called it; the magnificence of storms in that vast solitude. Kaleidoscopic pictures came and went, and from such visions he awoke with a start.

At once there seemed to come upon him a feverish desire to go and test it all, to see if that was the life for which he was fitted, to find out if it really appealed to him, as it had to his comrade, and again he felt a certain contempt for himself that he could be thus swayed from the plan of life he had first mapped out.

Now he tried to think of Lucy in such a place, but her picture would not fit the frame. His imagination could not sketch her in such surroundings, quiet, dignified, gentle, brave and

lovable as she was. Then he tried to fancy what life would be without her, and of himself free from all the old ties, but it was unthinkable. Days and weeks the struggle went on, but at last it ended.

“No,” he wrote Jack, “you have tempted me, tempted me more than I can say; but I have put my hand to the plough and I cannot turn back. The fever is passing, and I know in my heart that this, not that, is the true life for me. But a life of work and service I hope it will be, not idleness, wherever spent.”

CHAPTER ELEVENTH

THE FIGHT



ONE day it chanced that Arthur was taking one of his solitary walks, looking back with a half shame on the Western fever that had so suddenly attacked and then left him, looking forward to the life before him and wondering, half vaguely, where his life work would be found. And as he went on his attention was attracted by a partially crippled horse, on which its owner, a rough looking fellow, was bestowing a cruel and unmerciful beating.

“Hold there!” cried Arthur, his sympathies always keenly alive to suffering. “Cut it out! Stop, I say!”

The man turned savagely, and with a string of oaths resumed his blows. Arthur stepped towards him with outstretched hand. It was the signal for an attack on himself; the carter turned and struck him.

A sudden flame of passion surged through the boy, and he struck back with hearty good will. He was no practised fighter, but he was quick, athletic, and strong with a momentary fury. Blows rained hard and fast on either side.

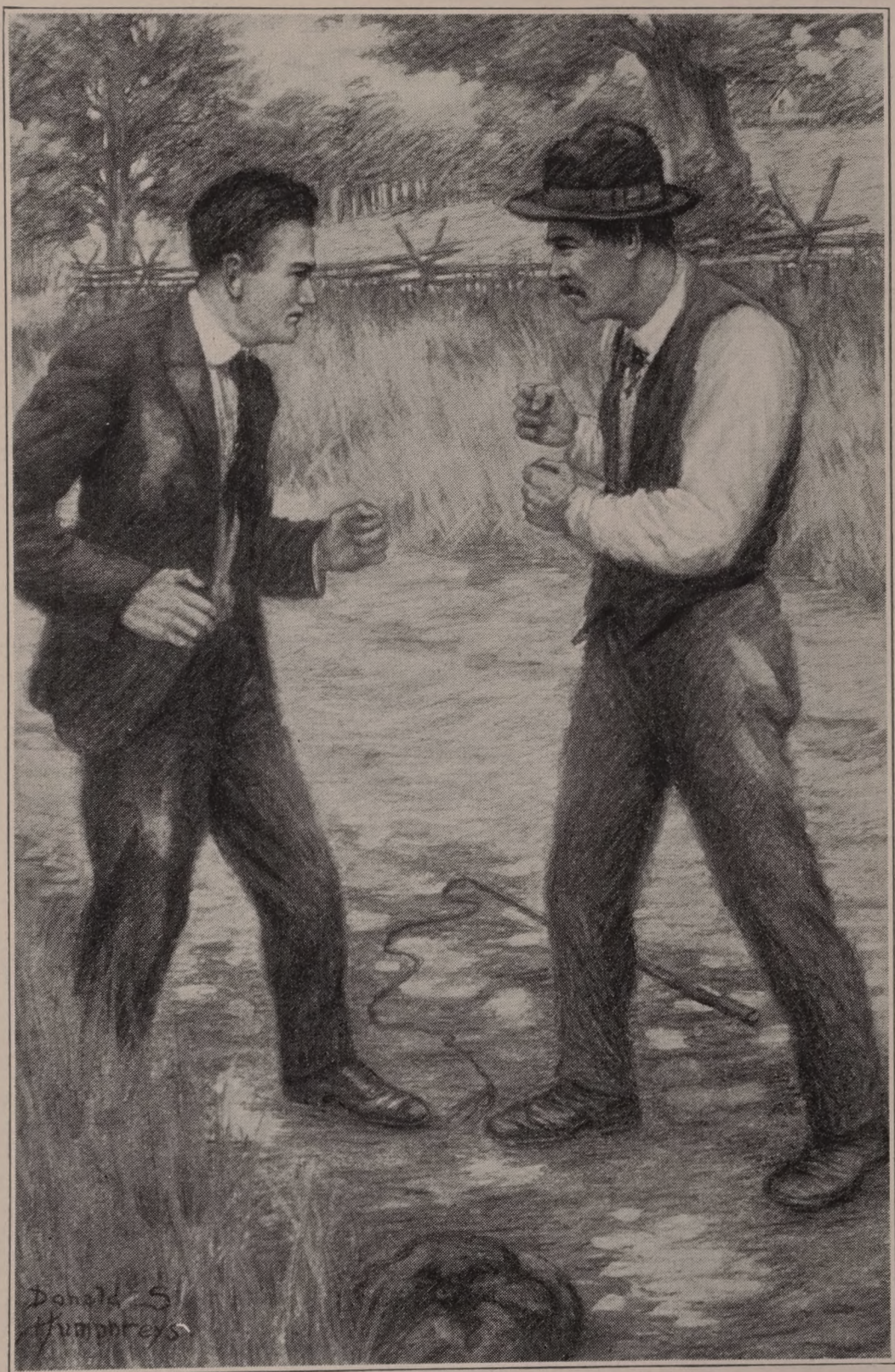
The carter was of the heavier build, and each stroke carried weight; but Arthur sprang aside more quickly, and was the more scientific in the use of his fists, nor was he without experience in friendly boxing matches. Now he parried, now he sprang aside, now he landed a telling blow.

What matter if he felt that his left eye was swelling, or that there were uncomfortable lumps rising here and there on his anatomy? He was lost in the action of the moment.

Suddenly with a quick turn of his foot he threw his antagonist heavily, and, bestriding him, demanded a promise that he would no longer abuse his beast.

"Give me your word you'll treat the poor creature better, and I'll let you up; else you stay where you are till somebody comes along."

His rage was dying down. "I felt ashamed of it," he wrote Lucy afterwards, giving some account of the scene, "not of my righteous anger,



“BLOWS RAINED HARD AND FAST”

so to call it, at the cruelty to the poor animal, but the way it raised Cain in me. I did not know I could get so mad. I thought I had more self-control."

The man, somewhat subdued, hesitated.

"Hoity, toity, what's this?" cried a voice, and an elderly gentleman came up beside them.

"He's got to promise he'll stop abusing his horse, or I'll not let him up," cried Arthur, as he glanced at his questioner, still keeping his hold and recognizing an eccentric old bachelor, who lived alone, save for his servants, and was a familiar figure in the town.

"Ought to be put out of his misery," said the old man looking at the crippled beast. "He's past work. You're a case for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," addressing himself to the prostrate owner. "But who made you a judge, young man?"

"Promise," persisted Arthur, loosening his hold. The man muttered some sort of assent, and both sprang to their feet.

"It was a fair fight, now shake hands!" said the victor, extending his, which the other took somewhat reluctantly.

"Now give us your name and address," de-

manded the old gentleman, "both of you. I'll see that the horse is put out to grass, or humanely relieved of his suffering," and in response to the owner's apprehensive protest, "I'll see that you get a better one if you behave yourself and promise to be decent to your beast."

"Black," said the carter, "number 2, Price street," and "Arthur Norris, at the college!" said the young man.

"So it is horses, not ladies, you are rescuing, my young Knight Errant! Not half bad, not half bad, but you are going to have a handsome face to pay for it."

"I'm afraid so," said Arthur ruefully.

"I'll see you again some time. John Blanchard, at your service." And swinging the cane he held, the one walked on, the others following more slowly.

Mr. Blanchard was as good as his word; for the horse was mercifully cared for, and the carter was put in the way of getting a better beast, on condition of his better treatment, and an eye was kept on Black's further proceedings.

As to Arthur he had, quite unwittingly, made a friend. Reserved, almost shy, the elder kept much to himself; but the boy had won his

regard at their first meeting, and was soon made welcome at the lonely house. He was made free in the use of a splendid library, and in various ways encouraged to come.

So he fell into the habit of dropping in to look at this or that particular book, and entering into discussions with its owner on various subjects—politics, religion, and the affairs of the world in general.

They by no means always agreed, and the old gentleman would sometimes grow quite testy, exclaiming, "You conceited young Jack-anapes! You think you know it all!" But if they ever came near a quarrel it was short lived, and did not mar their growing friendship.

Arthur realized the loneliness which the old man felt but did not express, and it was with great satisfaction that he managed to bring him into contact with his pet friends, Eleanor Raymond and her baby, trusting to her skill and kindness to lend a ray of brightness to a sombre life, and was much pleased to see how kindly they took to each other, and quite delighted one day to find the baby in Mr. Blanchard's arms.

"Look out, Arthur," said the mother laughing, "or Mr. Blanchard may supplant you in

Miss Raymond's affections. I am afraid she is a bit of a flirt."

"Like her mother before her perhaps," said the elder; but Eleanor's gentle friendliness so won upon him that, in time, the lonely old man poured into her sympathetic ear the whole story of his life's experiences and disappointments.

"My dear boy," said she one day to Arthur, laying her hand affectionately on his shoulder, "it is not the least of your many kindnesses that you have brought us together. I am so glad to be of use to him, and he interests me very much."

CHAPTER TWELFTH

THE BALL GAME



STOVER at Yale—a good fellow, too, in many ways—thought of lessons, “in company with the majority of his class, as a laborious task, a sort of necessary evil, the price to be paid for the privilege of passing four years in pleasant places with congenial companions.”

But Arthur was of the few who mentally held the balance between his regular studies and the sports of the field, which he also loved. With all his enthusiasms, his active interests and his ardent nature, two things held him steadily to his work: his affection for Lucy, and the long felt determination to devote his life to what he considered the highest calling, the ministry.

His lithe, vigorous, well knit frame stood the strain upon it wonderfully. Foot ball, base ball, running, rowing, each had a share of his attention and effort, but throughout he kept steadily in view his life's purpose.

Music also claimed a part of his time. He and Lucy had often sung together, and loved it. Both voices were clear and sweet, and harmonized well. At college he was promptly elected to the Musical Association and the chapel choir, and he never, if possible, missed either rehearsals, public occasions, or services.

He played the piano not specially well, but with accuracy and feeling, and both he and Lucy were satisfactory accompanists. Sometimes, too, he played upon the flute as an extra pleasure or amusement.

"The violin is, of course, worth much more and I should love to be a master of its technique, but I have to stop somewhere, and it takes too much time, though it seems to me the most soulful of instruments," he said.

"Perhaps when we go to that country parish," Lucy rejoined, "you may find time to take it up; you have the music in you, and it only needs a little study."

"Perhaps," he answered doubtfully, and then with his usual laugh, "a fiddling parson! Does that sound well?"

One of the great delights of these four years was a brief visit made by Miss Scott and Lucy

to Eleanor Raymond. All seemed wonderful, particularly so to Aunt Han.

"We are such stay-at-homes," she said.

It would be hard to decide whether Arthur or the guests enjoyed it the most. And now they became acquainted with what Arthur called his "Specialties," the Raymond baby, Mr. Blanchard, and Patrick Smit; and the last named, dressed in his best and perfectly sober, was delighted to escort the ladies around when Arthur was too busy. Both won his heart and,

"Sure, your little lady-love's a peach, your Honor," was his comment, which Arthur appreciated as much as a more finely turned compliment.

What pleasure they had in some early tea drinkings at the Raymonds', early on the baby's account, where Mr. Raymond, too, put in an appearance, and all bowed at the shrine of the dimpled darling, the centre of admiration and attention.

Jack Raymond was a man of business, but, living in a college town, though he was not a scholar, he was interested in all the college doings, particularly when he had any special acquaintance in the classes; and no one, hardly

the performers themselves, was more interested in the college games.

"If you were only a boy, my lady," he said, giving his daughter a playful toss, which called forth shouts of delight, "you should be on the foot ball team."

"I suppose nothing less than basket ball will suit her when the time comes," said her mother rather ruefully, "and it is sometimes so rough."

There was to be a great foot ball game in which Arthur took part, and at which all his party were to be present; and, while the boy was enthusiastic over the game itself, he was also most anxious to know how it would affect Aunt Han and Lucy, who had never seen a match.

Mr. Blanchard escorted Eleanor, Jack Raymond took care of Lucy, and Aunt Han, by special request, had Patrick allotted to her. Arthur was anxious to have them become better acquainted; for he had in his mind a private scheme of putting Patrick more directly under that lady's influence at some future time.

The two most unfamiliar with the scene drew in their breath as they were ushered into the huge enclosure, large enough to hold an inverted pyramid of Egypt, and saw the high tiers

of seats fast crowding with people on all four sides.

"Oh, that they would press in like this to hear the gospel," murmured Miss Scott, half to herself, and Patrick replied, guarding his lady carefully from the mass of humanity around,

"Sure, and the biggest crowds anywhere come to see these fights."

"Fights!" exclaimed Aunt Han in alarm.

"Oh, nobody's killed, ma'am, and ye'll say it's a foine sight. I've seen it meself mostly through peep holes in the fence, but to-day it'll be bully looking at it."

Climbing to their seats, which were somewhat aloft, the two country ladies began to take in the scene: the four great tiers of seats filled to overflowing, the lines of white faces looking sometimes like a wide ribbon across, the opposing members of the rival colleges, the cheer leaders in their white suits and with their big megaphones, the coaches, the ropes which bounded the square, where a few men talked together, the goals, which Aunt Han said were "like clothes horses," and the white lines drawn across the ground; while most interesting of all were the players themselves, in their khaki suits

and distinguishing stockings and other marks.

Soon Arthur's slight form was singled out for notice, and two pair of eyes were focussed upon him rather than on the rest of the players. Then the bugle sounded and the game began; there was a mad rush, Arthur in advance, the slightest of the party, and down upon him fell the squirming mass of figures, legs and arms brandishing in all directions.

Aunt Han uttered a low cry and buried her face in her hands; Lucy, now and then asking Jack Raymond for explanation of some of the manoeuvres, turned pale and was silent, while Jack Raymond and Patrick howled aloud, and Eleanor and Mr. Blanchard, seasoned to the sight, looked smilingly on. In a moment Arthur had freed himself from the avalanche, and was running lightly across the field, the ball in his arms.

"What are those crazy fellows doing?" asked Aunt Han, peeping up again as the cheer leaders bent, contorted and shouted. "I'm sure they are only fit for an insane asylum!"

In kicking and running Arthur excelled, though too slightly built to distinguish himself in other parts of the game. Now and then came

the rests when our two spectators drew breath, and as the struggle went on Aunt Han alternately looked and hid her face, murmuring from time to time,

“Oh, they’ll kill him!”

while Lucy, now pale, now flushing, kept her gaze fixed upon the scene. It was a new experience to both, and one they never forgot. When Arthur’s side was victorious, and he made a kick which decided the combat that had seemed previously in doubt, he was hoisted on the shoulders of his comrades and borne off the field in triumph. Jack Raymond and Patrick shouted themselves nearly hoarse.

“Well, no doubt it was very fine,” said Aunt Han, “and I am thankful my dear boy is safe and enjoys his laurels; but I don’t want to see another.”

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH

GRADUATION



TIME moved on swiftly, and at last the commencement and Arthur's graduation arrived. A party from home came to be present on the great occasion, and, like all the other fellows, he was happy in welcoming his guests. Comfortable quarters were engaged for them, and his uncle and aunt, Aunt Han, Lucy and Marian Ray were all included.

Arthur was full of his usual eagerness over the affair, but regret also tinged his feelings; it meant breaking up the pleasant and helpful associations of the last few years, parting with many friends, and chiefly saying goodbye to the Raymonds, Mr. Blanchard, and even Patrick.

Aunt Han was rather overwhelmed and somewhat oppressed by the luxury which surrounded her; but Mr. Norris and Arthur had made possible what might otherwise have been

unattainable, and she endeavored to give herself up to the full pleasure of the occasion.

To Lucy it was a dream of bliss, and brought nearer the time when she and Arthur would be always together; while Mrs. Norris was in one of her best humors, and quite proud of the two unmistakably pretty girls she was chaperoning.

"Are they not dears, Auntie?" Arthur exclaimed enthusiastically, and Mrs. Norris smilingly admitted that they were. Indeed her foreign travels had seldom afforded her an experience which she more thoroughly enjoyed. The companionship of happy youth is always inspiring.

On the great day of the commencement every one was early astir, and larger or smaller parties were continually crossing the beautiful campus—family parties, bevies of young girls and attendant youth, all in gay spirits; though these last reflected now and then, somewhat ruefully, on the fact that they were leaving these pleasant scenes, and wondered with some anxiety, if they were the speakers of the occasion, whether they would get through their part successfully.

At last our friends had taken up their posi-

tion in the great hall where the exercises were held, and Aunt Han drew a long breath, and hoped her dear boy would be as successful in his valedictory speech as he had been before in the ball game. Lucy felt proudly sure of him, and both pair of eyes were eagerly searching for him in the great throng.

Tiers and tiers of faces looked down upon the platform where sat the president, the professors, and the distinguished guests, while the classes were drawn up in their separate sections, the graduating class in front. Prayers, addresses and music followed in succession, but the great interest of the occasion was the closing speech by the valedictorian, Arthur Norris.

How slight and boyish he looked as he came forward, bowing gracefully! Total lack of self-consciousness always gave charm to his speech and actions. His subject was "Patriotism, the False and the True." Patriotism meant loyalty to a cause, a country, a nation, not partyism. How frequently one had been confounded with the other. He drew a strong picture of the mistakes and failures of this course, then, warming to his subject, he waxed eloquent over the ideal.

We have the most beautiful ideals of any land, but alas, how far we are from living up to them! He compared the country to a great building of which each individual was a single stone, and urged upon his hearers that each one should so fashion, perfect and finish his small share, that the entire edifice should be a perfect structure. Weak and imperfect masonry jeopardized the whole. We are holding out our arms to the inhabited globe, and, believing in the promises we make, the inducements we offer, they are crowding in upon us.

“Let us see to it that we receive and aid them in the right spirit; that we teach them what true patriotism means, and that they learn from us to live fuller, better, cleaner lives, so that, when they become assimilated and a very part of us, they shall only add to our strength in the truest sense. The men of our land, the men of the world, are our brothers; let us realize, each one of us in his own heart, the true brotherhood of man.”

Whether they all agreed with his sentiments or not, there was something very winning in the flushed young face, the ardent voice, the soulful eyes. The applause was deafening, and

many valuable gifts were showered upon the young orator. His own party received him most warmly.

His uncle slapped him on the shoulder with a "Well done, good fellow!" His aunt smiled approvingly. Aunt Han murmured, "God bless you, my boy!" while Lucy only pressed his hand, and looked in his face with an expression that spoke volumes.

The last great event of the commencement season was the ball, to which perhaps Marian Ray looked forward more enthusiastically than any of the rest. Aunt Han decided that it was the one occasion on which she would not appear, and even Arthur's persuasions did not induce her to change this resolution.

So Mr. and Mrs. Norris, the two girls, Arthur, and a special young friend of his made up the set. Mrs. Norris was resplendent in black velvet, white lace and diamonds, an unmistakably handsome woman. Marian wore white with touches of rose color, and Lucy was, as Arthur pronounced her, a "dream," in pale green, with a bunch of white roses, his gift, pinned to her side.

"You're a water nymph, you ought to have

pond lilies!" Arthur said laughing, but Lucy kissed her roses for reply. Marian was in the gayest spirits; her card was soon filled by the many pleasant young fellows with whom Arthur made her acquainted, and she did not miss a single dance.

Lucy, on the contrary, preferred to sit through many of them, talking with Arthur and other partners. But once or twice he playfully seized her hand, drawing her to her feet, and they fairly floated away, so light and graceful were they both.

"Just once or twice before I sober down!" Arthur whispered. "After this comes true honest work, and little time for play and frivolity," and many eyes approvingly followed the winsome young couple.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH

THE FIRE



RTHUR'S following years were chiefly spent in a theological seminary in a more distant city, and his visits home were less frequent. This was caused by his absorption in his studies, and in missionary work which he undertook among the poor in the tenement houses in the lower part of the city. In this he became so interested that he wrote Lucy again:

"Oh, my dear, don't urge me to a country parish; perhaps we can go to that in our later years, but here, in the thick of the fight against sin and suffering, close to my brother man, where I can, as it were, feel his heart beats, is the place I am called to. I am not yet ready for a life of comparative ease and leisure. I do not pretend to say there is not work enough everywhere, but for me the centre of the battle!" And Lucy, somewhat sadly, put away her pleasant visions.

Another renunciation was also in store for her. Mr. and Mrs. Norris decided on another brief trip abroad, and offered to take Lucy with them as their guest. Indeed, they even pressed the invitation, and Arthur, though realizing it meant a long separation, added his voice. But Lucy's step-mother so violently opposed the plan that it was finally abandoned, and Marian Ray was invited to take her place.

"I think it would be too bad for you to go and leave us now, really selfish, when you will be married before long and leave us for good and all; and I do not feel that I can get along without you till the children are older," said Mrs. Dayton.

Lucy's father had given his consent, but in his heart rejoiced not to part with his beloved girl; and, while Lucy herself was disappointed, she felt the more reconciled as she realized in part her father's feelings; and a further separation from Arthur would assuredly have its regrets.

"I never saw such a selfish woman as that Mrs. Dayton!" said Mrs. Norris, indignantly, "and I wanted Lucy. However, it is nice to have a young person along, and Marian is a

bright, attractive girl, more full of life than Lucy, and I sometimes wish Arthur had fancied her instead."

"Oh, no, the quiet little Puss for me!" said Mr. Norris. "She is full of character and has great charm."

"Well, well," said his wife indulgently, "everybody to his taste; we'd better all choose our own partners. They are both nice, pretty girls, and it would be pleasant to have either or both with us."

"Oh!" cried Marian, when they next met, "I feel as if I were stealing your good things! But it is so jolly to go," and she threw her arms round Lucy.

"So you don't steal Arthur," said Lucy playfully, "that is all I ask!"

"Oh, that would be like trying to move the rock of Gibraltar," Marian laughed back; "I don't know who would attempt it!"

The absence of the party sent Arthur to Aunt Han instead of to his uncle's, on his visits home, over which that good lady unfeignedly rejoiced.

Meanwhile Arthur, rejoicing also somewhat that Lucy was not to be so far removed, though



"ONE DAY HE PICKED UP A LITTLE WAIF"

regretting her disappointment, applied himself diligently to lectures and classes; taking for recreation an occasional trip, walking or riding, into the country, but spending as much time as he could spare in the slums of the great town, studying conditions and looking out for opportunities of helpfulness.

Now and again he would rescue a drunken man or woman from the gutter, and send them on their way with some pleasant admonition; or some forlorn child, or wandering female, appealed to him, or he would enter into a fight, letting it come to a conclusion, if it seemed best so to do.

"They will never be satisfied till they get rid of their bad blood," he would say, "and to interfere now would merely be a postponement of the trouble, to be renewed at the earliest opportunity."

Or at other times he would try and find out the cause of the difficulty, and endeavor to arbitrate between the combatants. It was often a thankless task, but he was never discouraged.

One day he picked up a little waif, stray, torn, ragged, dirty, miserable, and lost. By dint of gentle questioning, and his own mother

wit, he finally discovered and took her to her home. It was one of the largest and most forlorn of the tenement houses he had seen, swarming with people, with rickety stairs, broken windows, and forlorn generally. His heart swelled with indignation.

"What a shame," he said to himself, "for the owner to leave people in conditions like this! It is little better than a pig-sty."

He restored the child to a not too amiable mother, and came often to see what lay in his power to better conditions. Here a drunken couple, always quarrelling, interested him; there a poor woman with a number of children and a drunken husband, too, who struggled along as she could, and tried to take in washing.

Again he discovered two women of more than doubtful character; and one poor old soul, all alone, whom he eventually succeeded in transporting to a comfortable charitable organization, where her condition was greatly improved, and she was much happier. Everywhere dirt, misery, depression, or railing against those better off than themselves. It was hard to decide how much the circumstances and

environment were responsible, and how far the sufferers themselves were at fault.

“I think I have found my parish,” he wrote Lucy, and was happy in the belief that his efforts availed somewhat for the general improvement. At first he was met with indifference and even surliness; but gradually, as his slight figure and smiling morning face became familiar, he was tolerated, and finally gladly welcomed.

He had just entered the house one day when the cry of fire was raised, and, looking up, he saw clouds of smoke pouring out of an upper window. He knew the house to be little better than a tinder-box, and feared that it would go so quickly that there might be small chance for those in the upper stories to escape.

Hastily soaking a handkerchief from a spigot, or hydrant, at the rear, he tied it over nose and mouth, and ran up the stairs, knocking at each door as he passed, shouting “Fire! Get out!” Screams and cries were heard as the doors opened, and the inmates poured forth.

Many were away, some working, others begging or idling in the streets; others climbed out of windows on adjacent roofs, while a motley

crowd tumbled down the stairs already smouldering. Meanwhile a crowd collected outside; the fire engines had arrived, and streams of water had begun to pour on the house and fight the spreading blaze.

Arthur reached the top, then turned and fled down again, leaping the last flight as he heard the flames crackling behind him. The firemen's ladders were against the building, but, to his horror, as he looked up a shriek was heard, and a white, piteous face looked out of an upper window. By this time the staircase was a roaring flame. Even the firemen hesitated a moment before attempting to scale the ladder.

But in that instant Arthur started to climb, and in an inconceivably short time reached the top and dragged the girl out. She was, however, a heavy burden for his slight frame, and they tottered, as a cry of horror went up from the distracted watchers below. Another ladder was hastily placed, and, at the risk of his life, a brave fireman ascended and grasped the girl as both were about to fall. A net was held below, and, headlong, Arthur tumbled into it.

The shock and over-exertion told heavily

upon him, and it was an unconscious form that was lifted into a hastily summoned ambulance, and hurried to the nearest hospital. A crash was heard, and the building fell as they dashed away. The sound roused him, and opening his eyes he murmured, "Are they all safe?" and relapsed into a stupor.

"You're made of rubber I guess, young man," said the doctor after a careful examination. "I'm mistaken if you don't pull through." And he did.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH

THE LYNCHING



OCASIONALLY Arthur was sent, invited, or went of his own volition, to hold some sort of religious service in outlying districts, or some more distant small town, as is not unfrequently the case with theological students; and he rather enjoyed these trips, as they seemed to widen his experiences, and put him in touch with a greater variety of Christian work.

But now came an ordeal which was one of the most trying he had ever encountered. He was to stay over Sunday in a small town with which he had little acquaintance, and it so chanced that Patrick Smit was with him. That worthy made him visits occasionally, and always insisted on accompanying him wherever he was going.

"Sure!" said Patrick, jingling money in his pocket, "I can pay me way. I like to see

the world, and travel with me boss," and, as Arthur had grown quite attached to his protégé, he was glad of his company, and cheered to see that the improvement in his manners and morals continued.

As he wandered through the town in the dusk a sinister rumor reached Arthur's ears. A negro, of no very good reputation, was accused of a heinous crime. There were muttered threats of violence and he heard the words, "Lynch him!"

He was walking through one of the smallest streets, and paused in horror at the thought; the little houses on either side seemed shabby and dirty, but suggested thriftlessness rather than active evil. Yet he knew how quickly such things grow; if there was any truth in the rumor, something must be done and at once to prevent such a breach of law and order, such a cruel, sinful travesty of justice. But what could he, an almost total stranger, do?

He passed into another street, and encountered several groups of men at corners, apparently whispering together. Now and then a voice broke out more loudly, or an oath was heard. Arthur stopped the next respectable

man he met, and asked if there could be any truth in such a thing. The man shrugged his shoulders.

"If there is any such deviltry going on, you had better keep out of it."

"But surely," said the younger, with heat, "you would not permit such an atrocity, without a single effort to prevent it?"

The man shook his head and passed on. Arthur walked quickly to the end of the street; there could be no doubt, a mob was certainly gathering—and a mob in an ugly mood.

He hurried back to the little hotel where he was stopping, and summoned Patrick.

"Will you stand by me?" he questioned, after a few words of explanation.

"I don't care for all the blasted niggers in the world, but I'll stand by you forever," was the reply.

"Come, then," said Arthur briefly, and together they went from house to house, begging the men to help. Some were incredulous of the story, some derided, some turned a deaf ear and almost shut the door in their faces. Others showed sympathy with the possible perpetrator of the crime, more refused to mix themselves

up with the affair, and warned Arthur to keep clear of it.

"They're afraid of a shindy and their own skins," said Patrick, contemptuously.

Arthur drew a labored breath. "Come," he said, "or we may be too late."

A few, mostly young men, agreed to join him, moved by the fervor of his appeal, or curiosity to see what was going on, and what would come of it. One of them he begged to take his automobile and find and bring the sheriff. The owner agreed, and putting speed on the large machine shot away into darkness.

The rest went with Arthur, and proceeded in the direction whither a growing crowd seemed to be moving. The mob had swollen in size, and many had their faces partly concealed by hastily constructed masks. A narrow pathway led circuitously to a point some distance from the edge of the town. The crowd moved on in comparative silence, but hoarse voices muttered now and again.

In an open field a fire was being hastily built, fence rails, barrels, branches of trees and long boards were thrown upon it. A wretched being, begging, howling for mercy, was dragged

towards it and placed on top. Some one applied a torch. With one spring Arthur joined the helpless victim, who turned and clung to him. As he mounted the pile Arthur kicked aside some of the kindlings.

"Cowards!" he cried, his voice like a clarion peal; "hundreds against one! You'll burn me too if you set this afire!"

An angry murmur rose from the crowd.

"Hold your blasted tongue! Get out of this. It's none of your affair."

"It is my affair, it is the affair of every decent man to stop such anarchy. Let the law take its course."

A howl of derision greeted him.

"Let me beseech you," he went on undaunted, "to spare yourselves the remorse that will be sure to follow such a deed."

On poured a torrent of words, persuasion, entreaty, invective. He was talking against time, but talking with fervor, with eloquence, with passion, and the crowd listened, moved by the human appeal.

Now and then some ruffian or thoughtless boy would start the fire again, owing him a grudge for delaying the exciting spectacle they

had anticipated, beside which a theatrical performance would seem tame, while Patrick, and the few that had come with Arthur and himself, as rapidly extinguished it.

But presently the mob wearied, and sticks and stones began to fly, developing into, first, a scrimmage, then a fight. Still Arthur pleaded and held close to the trembling negro, whose cries had died down, but who moaned his terror.

A shout, and an automobile dashed into the crowd. The burly sheriff, revolver in hand, faced the writhing mass of human beings who, panic stricken, gave way before him.

"Hold back, all of you," he thundered, "or I'll shoot! This is the business of the law, not yours—you pack of fools! Get to your homes, if you don't want to be put in the lock-up!"

A moment more and the negro, Arthur and Patrick were hustled into the machine, already occupied by the sheriff's posse, which, putting on all speed, rushed away, followed by a fusillade of oaths and stones.

"You fellows had a narrow squeak of it," said the leader, mopping his brow. "A mob's a nasty thing to face, but a few determined men can do something—now and then."

So the town was saved the commission of a great crime; while, still struggling and fighting each other, the crowd gradually melted away.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH

THE MISSIONARY CALL



OW and then Arthur's uncle and aunt, after their return from foreign parts, would spend a few days in the city where he was studying, and once or twice Lucy was included in the party, thus giving the young people an occasional opportunity to be together. When Arthur should have completed his course both looked forward with joy to their marriage.

"It has had to be put off too long," he said.

"We began too young," she smilingly replied.

They took long walks or rides together when he could spare the time, and he showed her the so-called "Slum" district, to which he devoted many hours.

"Arthur, why do you take Lucy to such horrid places?" protested his aunt. "You'll both of you be swallowing bad germs of some sort, and make yourselves ill."

"Lucy wants to see where I work," he answered gravely, "where perhaps we shall both work in future. But," with his usual happy smile, "I am sure we have good germs hidden away in us somewhere, and they'll have to fight the bad ones."

"I suppose you are incorrigible," she answered, "but I do hate you to take such risks."

"We only take them abroad," said her husband, in a slightly mocking tone, "where the picturesqueness covers both dirt and germs, don't we, my dear?"

"Oh, well, it seems different," she said, and dropped the subject.

Arthur's choice of the ministry was rather a trial to her. She was really very fond of him, and would have been glad to see him a prominent member of the legal profession (in which her own father had been a distinguished judge), married to a brilliant wife who would have been a social leader, and she regretted to see her dear boy "hide himself," as she termed it, in the humbler walks and work of a clerical life.

"He is so bright and talented," she mourned to her husband, "it seems a shame for him to

bury himself." But a greater blow was still in store for her.

Lucy and Arthur wandered around to various churches enjoying the different services; but the choice of both was the smaller churches, and the simpler services.

"I know this is rather a desultory way of church going," said Arthur, "and I don't do it as a rule, but I want you to see something of the city."

Of his experience at the attempted lynching he was loath to talk, even to her, and she shuddered at the thought of what might have been. It had made a painful and life-long impression on him, and both avoided the topic.

One evening they entered a rather small church, with a somewhat slim congregation, but lent their voices to the singing with their usual interest and enthusiasm. Before the preacher for the evening advanced, the clergyman of the parish spoke a few words of introduction.

"We have with us," he said, "a brother from the distant land of China, who will tell us of his work. I am sorry there are not more of us to welcome him, but a hearty welcome from the few is better than a colder one from the

many, and I hope, as far as lies in our power, we will bid him God speed with our prayers and our offerings. And who can tell whether there may not be among us some one, touched by his appeal, ready to offer, not only a share of his pocket book, but, what is of far more value, his personal service as well?"

Arthur and Lucy started. It seemed as if a chord vibrated in both hearts.

The missionary came forward, a slightly built, bronzed, earnest looking man, whose heart was all in his work, into the account of which he plunged at once.

"Like the cry from Macedonia," he said, "I beg you to come over and help us. The field is so wide, the laborers so comparatively few. I know there is work always to be done at home, but both opportunity and help seem at your very door. There are already signs of a political change in China. If that should come, there will be still wider opportunities of usefulness, and America, free America, will be the model on which China will try to mould herself.

"There are many there now who incline to be Christians, but the majority of the people have yet no idea what Christianity means.

There is work, work everywhere, teaching, help in the hospitals, practical instruction of all sorts. We gather the men in small meetings, and are sometimes surprised at the interest they show, and the intelligent questions they ask.

“Our women workers go among the women, and teach them better ways of living and the Gospel story. Their lives have been hard, down-trodden; our missionaries come to them bringing light into the darkness which has so long enveloped them. And think of the millions that need your help!”

He went on earnestly, giving statistics and stories, and making appeals. It was plain to be seen that he spoke from a full heart, and his earnestness touched his hearers, so that the plate was carried back with a really noble offering, considering the number of those present.

“Shall we go and talk to him?” Arthur questioned after the service, a little doubtfully perhaps, but with the keenness of desire in his eyes.

“Certainly, if you wish!” Lucy answered, with her gentle smile, and they were soon engaged in earnest conversation with the late speaker.

"You are young and strong, I judge!"

"Pretty wiry," interpolated Arthur, "at least I am."

"And enthusiastic, I am sure. Just the material we need to come to the aid of us older workers. Thank God if He has put it into your hearts to become one of us. It puts fresh courage into me to think that any words of mine may have kindled within you the missionary spirit. Believe me, it is a blessed service." And he pressed their hands as they turned away.

They walked on in silence, hand in hand for a little while, then Arthur spoke.

"Is it a call? And could you, my Lucy, knowing all it involves, respond?"

"Whither thou goest I will go," was her quiet answer.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH

THE FUTURE



WHEN Lucy's and Arthur's resolution to go to China as missionaries became known, there was great opposition in the family circle on both sides.

"Oh, my dear boy, this is really too bad!" protested Mr. Norris, and Mrs. Norris turned her back on Arthur and would hardly speak to him, though her eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, Auntie dear," he cried in his old playful way, "I shall just be your boy the same as ever, and it will give you a new foreign country to investigate; for of course you'll have to come and see us."

"Why China?" she questioned. "I never could bear those people," and refused to be comforted.

Mrs. Dayton even besought her husband to forbid the marriage, saying it was a shame for

Arthur to drag Lucy way off there. But he only shook his head sadly.

"They are old enough to decide for themselves; I cannot interfere, and my child has her heart in it, too, and goes willingly. 'Tis a noble life, but too high for me."

Aunt Han alone encouraged and cheered them; putting aside her own sense of personal loss, she rejoiced in their determination.

"It is the highest, the very highest calling," she said. "I am only too glad my dear boy is worthy of it."

"You remember Jonadab, the son of Rechab?" Arthur said with his old smile, and she bowed her head.

"Oh, dear Aunt Han," he added, "it has been a comfort to have you take it so; the general opposition has been a real trial, though not an unexpected one. They cannot see it as Lucy and I do."

"I only wish I were young enough to go with you," she said.

"I wish so, too, you dear thing. What use you would be! But there are plenty for you to look after here, and I mean to put Patrick in your hands before I go. He will be loyal to

such a charge, I am sure, though you must not expect perfection, and I shall be easier in mind about you both."

"Can't you stop Arthur's supplies," asked Mrs. Norris, "to put an end to this mad scheme?"

"No," answered her husband, "he has a little of his own, you know, and I would not have it on my conscience to take such measures. He has a right to his own life."

And this was indeed a rather distressing problem to Arthur himself; he owed much to his uncle and hated to feel himself in opposition to him, while he was really very fond of his aunt as well, though sometimes finding her words and ways a little trying.

But liberty of action was coming from an unexpected quarter. Word arrived at this juncture of the sudden death of Mr. Blanchard, who was found unconscious in his bed, and soon passed away. Great was the general surprise when it was learned that he had made Arthur his chief heir.

The business arrangements were clearly laid out, trustees appointed, and legacies left to Eleanor Raymond's child, and a few others; but

the bulk of his not inconsiderable fortune, and the disposal of his fine library and personal effects, were left entirely in Arthur's hands.

A very affectionate letter was also addressed to him.

"My dear boy," it ran, "this will show you how near and dear you have become to me, in the few years we have known each other. I have never been one to give great expression to my feelings, but son of my own could hardly seem closer, and you have brightened all my closing years. Take that for comfort in the real regret I know you will feel for my loss.

"But do not mourn; there is little to make me cling to life, and I have no ties; all that were my own have passed away long ago. In your hands I leave the bulk of what I own, to do all the good with it that your generous heart will prompt, and you will, I am sure, discover many opportunities my duller senses have failed to grasp.

"I only suggest that from it you shall take a little slice for that dear old aunt of yours, that she, too, may feel free to live and carry out her plans, and that Patrick, too, be remembered; but I prefer that it should come through

you, rather than directly from me, and I leave you to judge of the matter. Do allow yourself and that dear little wife-to-be some comforts and pleasures. You are wronging no one in accepting my gift. Feel free to use it; abuse it I know you will not. Farewell, son of my old age.

“JOHN BLANCHARD.”

Arthur's grief was real and serious, for he had loved his old friend; the blow had come suddenly, and he almost choked with emotion as he read these affectionate words.

“Oh, how little we know how to prize our friends while they are left with us!” he said.

And now indeed the last barrier between Arthur and his intended work seemed to have fallen, and it left him without restriction as to the special path he should choose.

“Now, my Lucy,” he said, “we can do our work and be a burden to no one, and what a bliss to be able and free to give help where it seems to be needed!”

But the more worldly minded of the relatives grieved still more deeply that he should thus sacrifice the advantage wealth could have given him, as well as himself.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH

MINISTRY AND MARRIAGE



THE two great events of Arthur's history, his admission to the ministry, and his marriage to Lucy—it seemed to him so long waited for—drew near. He looked forward to both with a sort of chastened joy. Mr. Blanchard's death was a sorrow to him, and the opposition of his friends to the life work he had chosen, as well as the pain to himself in parting from them, had its sad aspect.

Yet he was not for one moment turned aside from his purpose, realizing that there must be a price paid for all the great ventures of life. He kept in touch with various missionary organizations, but for the present at least cast in his lot with none of them.

"Now that my dear friend has made me independent," he said to Lucy, "I can afford to take time to look over the ground, and decide

where my efforts are most needed and will be most helpful. I suppose it will be the same thing that it often is in foreign travel; not what to choose, but what not to choose. And of course eventually I propose to put myself under some guidance.

"I am not so foolish as to suppose I could best work alone, or that a general glance at the situation would give me the insight, wisdom and judgment of those who have had years of experience. My temptation may be towards rashness, but I shall try and be reasonable, and you, dear girl, must help me."

"Then, too," said Lucy, "to study the language will take some time, and without that one is but poorly equipped for work."

"It is certainly a problem," he went on thoughtfully, "to give them the best of Western life and ideas, and yet not commit the folly of trying to change their whole habits and nature."

"Sure, it's yourself makes the sunshine!" was Patrick's remark, as the day of Arthur's ordination rose bright and clear.

And indeed he had seemed to be fortunate on his special occasions: the great ball game, the Commencement, and now this day had all

been flooded with sunshine. It was a joy to Arthur that the service could be held in the little church where he had attended since childhood, and it was crowded with his friends and acquaintances in the town, beside the Rays and others from a distance; for he had won interest and affection wherever he was known.

It was his special gift that his bright face and winning manner attracted all whom he met. To-day there was a look of noble exaltation, as of one who had reached the goal of his hopes. And, like the moonlight to the sunlight, Lucy's and Aunt Han's countenances seemed to reflect the same feeling.

It was a beautiful service, dignified and impressive, while both prayers and singing were joined in heartily by the entire congregation.

"Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," was Aunt Han's word, as she kissed the brow of her darling boy after the services were over.

"Not yet, dearie!" was Arthur's reply, "there is work for you here still, I am sure."

"After this, 'tis your Reverence you'll be," said Patrick, and he called him "Boss" and "Your Honor" no more.

Arthur had established him under the wing of his beloved aunt, making him feel his confidence in him, and his desire that he should look after and care for her when he was far away. Patrick was to attend to the furnace in winter and the garden in summer, and undertake as well any odd jobs that offered elsewhere; and Arthur had placed in his uncle's hands a trust fund, for the benefit of his aunt and Patrick, as suggested by Mr. Blanchard, so that he was now able to leave them both with a comparatively easy mind.

"And, dear uncle," he said, "I cannot but be glad that my dear old friend has put it in my power to carry out plans to which I know you are antagonistic, without my having to call upon you in any way."

"It would be untrue for me to say that I heartily approve of your plans, my dear nephew, for I greatly regret them. It seems to me there is enough work within reach of home without your expatriating yourself, and separating from all who are near and dear to you. But as boy and man you have been a good fellow, and a joy and comfort to me, and you have a right to your own life and work. So, greatly as I re-

gret your decision, I would not, if I could, interfere."

"Thank you, dear sir," replied Arthur. "No father could have been kinder to me than you have been."

And they wrung each other's hands, and turned away in silence.

The wedding day soon after was also as brilliant as heart could wish. There was a small and quiet little gathering in the church. The desire of both the young people was that everything should be simple. Lucy, looking very fair in her white dress and veil, was accompanied by Marian Ray, and Arthur by a young college friend. The families on both sides, and a few intimate friends, comprised the congregation.

The church was decorated with flowers, and all appeared at their best. Both answered the questions in the marriage service with distinctness, and on the two young faces was a look of intense happiness.

"At last, my darling!" murmured Arthur as he turned to kiss his bride, and they walked down the aisle to the inspiring strains of the "Wedding March."

A wedding breakfast was prepared at Mr. Dayton's, who tried to conceal the pain it cost him to give up his beloved daughter, while Mrs. Norris and Mrs. Dayton, for once in harmony, exchanged their views and regrets, in an aside, at the sacrifice the young people were making in their intended missionary work in China.

"Shall we not take of our best and give it unto the Lord?" said Aunt Han gently, but she could not infuse into them her own spirit.

"There is enough to do at home," said Mrs. Norris, and "I think so, too!" echoed Mrs. Dayton.

A fortnight's stay at some quiet mountain resort rested the young people, and long dwelt in happy memory. Then they returned home, making Mr. Norris' house headquarters, and began active preparations for their foreign experiences.

The hearts of both were filled with a kind of exultation that at last the work they had decided upon lay comparatively close before them, while grief at parting with all they loved, and in a measure breaking the dear home ties, struggled with the other feeling.

"It seems something like the Psalmist's ex-

pression, does it not, dear," Arthur said, "'I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord.'"

CHAPTER NINETEENTH

CHINA



THE brief wedding trip, the partings, the voyage, were all over, and Lucy and Arthur had reached the foreign land which was to be home to them for many years, if not forever in this world; reached it at a time when the Revolution was at its height, which gave them many strange as well as sad experiences. But both wrote home reassuringly.

“Dear Father,” said Lucy’s first letter, “I can imagine your anxiety about us, now that we have arrived in China at this particular juncture. But I think you need not be uneasy; the contesting parties both seem to respect the foreign element, and, though we have seen many sad and dreadful things already, we have so far been, and seem likely to continue, safe.

“War is terrible, and my sympathies are divided, as I hear of, or catch glimpses of, the

suffering on one side or the other. But Arthur is confident that it will result in the good of all, and reminds me that gold has to be tried in the fire before it attains full value and purity. I am the conservative, who would let things go on as they are, trying to change them by gentle means; he more of the radical, who feels that heroic measures are often necessary to accomplish great purposes.

“We are very happy together, even in the midst of perils, and I rejoice in his brave, hopeful, enthusiastic spirit. The new scenes and surroundings are very strange to us; the crowded harbor, the strange looking boats, the people in their odd dress and the unfamiliar tongue, which one hears everywhere. Also the impassiveness of the faces struck me very much, but it seems sometimes with the new order of things as if they were waking up.

“Everybody we meet in the Mission Stations and elsewhere is very kind, but the natives with their keen black eyes look at us sometimes with friendly, sometimes with unfriendly, glances. The little Chinese babies are so cunning I often feel as if I would like to take them up and cuddle them in my arms. Here and

there one meets an American missionary with a Chinese wife, but I think the races are best, so to speak, in their own channels.

“I am longing to settle down somewhere and really go to work; but everything is in a chaotic state, and no doubt Arthur is right in feeling that we must wait and first look over the ground. I have found a dear little Chinese woman, whom I want to get for my own especial teacher, whenever we do settle down. Meanwhile I pick up what words I can, and she says my accent is ‘velly good.’ Many new words are coming into use to fit the changing situations.

“We have been within sound of the firing, we have seen burning cities, and people wounded and dying in the streets; but I will not dwell upon it, and of course we lend a helping hand whenever it is in our power.

“The beds are often made of boards on wooden horses, only straw upon them, and a kind of wooden frame for a pillow and a small blanket for a cover. It is rather hard, but we are very tired, and, when out of reach of the sound of the firing, sleep well. They use funny

little pottery stoves, and have generally dry grasses and ferns for fuel.

“I have tried eating with chop sticks, but don’t make much of a success of it. The natives are wonderfully skilful. The Chinese women are very brave, and lend their aid to the Revolution, even risking their lives by carrying bombs from place to place; but many of them are too strong minded in these days to suit timid little me.

“The late Empress Dowager from what I hear of her must have been a wonderful woman. I wonder if she could have handled the present situation! Red is the general sign for happiness here, and is worn by brides. Some Christian women sent the Empress a Bible very elegantly gotten up, which she received very graciously, and the next day the Emperor sent out and bought one for himself, and he was even much interested in hearing about Christianity. It has been like yeast which is leavening the whole lump.

“At the time of the Boxer uprising, letters tell of such things as these: that the Christians were stoned, cut to pieces, quartered and burned, but would not deny the faith; and among the

Christian martyrs there is a pathetic story, which brought tears to my eyes, of a number of school girls who refused to recant and were all killed. Think of the brave young things! Are not such people worth working for?

“There is a story of a Chinese woman who wished to raise money for a school, and, not succeeding as she wished in interesting the officials, committed suicide to arrest their attention, and strange to say she succeeded. The first book ever written for the instruction of girls was by a woman contemporary with St. Paul.

“Some of the women can read, but many are very ignorant. The first kindergarten started so interested the children that they declined to go home, and, while at certain places the missionaries were at first reviled, the schools and churches so changed the sentiment in a short time that the people would even ask how soon it would be the Sunday again.

“Mrs. Conger, the American minister’s wife, is said to have taken a great interest in the women, and tried to be helpful to them in many ways. At the graduation of the girls in some of the schools I am told the parents regretted that their girls were engaged, married, or

drowned, as they had never imagined girls could do so much.

“Sometimes the woman among the peasants is hitched with a donkey to the plough. Some of a different class are much interested in sewing and embroidery, but on certain days in spring they say the dragon lifts his head, and they may not touch a needle. On the street Chinese girls may now and then be seen in men’s garments, but indeed their usual attire of jacket and trousers bears some resemblance.

“It is pitiful to learn how the sick were uncared for before Christianity and the hospitals came. White, grey and blue are their mourning colors.

“It is a curious thing that I understand the Chinese classics are among the purest in the world, while the fiction is unfit to read.

“The nearest little Chinese friend is telling by signs that it is time for a meal, so good-by. Tell about everything when you write, letters are so prized.

“Your loving

“LUCY.”

CHAPTER TWENTIETH

THE LAND OF THE DRAGON



DEAR Aunt Han," wrote Arthur, "you will have seen my cable to Uncle, and the brief letter which followed to let him know that we had arrived, and were safe and well. But now your run-a-way boy must write to his dear foster mother a longer story.

"To no one does my heart turn with warmer affection than to you, who have given me your loving sympathy in all the events and purposes of my life. How hard you tried—bless you!—even to appreciate my ball games; and there have been none of my dear people who have entered so fully into my feelings in regard to the foreign work as you.

"I hope Patrick takes good care of you, and I will write him a special letter after a while. But first I must say what a brick is my dear Lucy. I almost felt as if she might reproach

me for plunging her into such troubled waters, for we are in the midst of this wonderful Revolution, which is to bring this land out of the darkness of centuries into the light of a true civilization and a pure gospel, and she is so brave, so high-heartedly courageous; she pales but she never shrinks.

“We seem to be safe in the midst of dangers, for both sides in the present conflict are careful not to injure us. But we have seen sights that are sad and appalling: wounds, death, and even battle at a distance, of which I did not realize the possibility when I left home. Europe has not treated China well in the past, and the unpopularity of foreigners with some of the people is not to be wondered at.

“As a nation they have a high respect for books and education, and we must use tact and judgment in teaching them our ways. They now realize that Western education has much to do with Western prosperity, and are calling for teachers, even allowing Chinese Christians to take positions formerly forbidden them.

“It is a grand work, and some of our Universities are stretching out helping hands. Harvard and Yale, as well as others, are uniting

respectively with St. John's University in Shanghai in a medical department, and at different points. Many of the graduates of these institutions are leaders in the new movement. Oh, that it may be granted to us to be truly an aid: my heart is in it!

"They need money and endowments, and I am so thankful to dear Mr. Blanchard for giving me the power to be practically useful. Neither Confucianism nor Buddhism has been a success; now we shall see what Christianity will do for these people. Some of them are already showing themselves true followers of Christ, and many young men—all honor to them!—have given up fine mercantile positions to teach and do missionary work for a mere pittance. Do we do as much?

"It is very pleasant to know that our own William Jennings Bryan saw, and is helping on, the good work here, and has taken up, so I understand, eight boys and girls in different mission schools to support. It is stated that now there are over a hundred thousand Christians in China, whereas a hundred years ago there were none.

"The bodies as well as the minds of these

people must be trained, and I am looking forward to teaching boys here our games, as well as our military drill. There is a kinship in boys all the world over, and sometimes, when I see a merry look in the little fellows' eyes, it reminds me of boys at home.

"Medical missions, too, are more and more needed. Tuberculosis is frightfully common. In the country and villages the houses are built of mud and brick with dirt floors, and as no cleanliness is observed you can imagine the result; and in the cities it is as bad or worse.

"When a Chinese has a headache he pastes turnip skins on his temples to bring out the pain, and pinches his throat black and blue on the outside when it is sore within. When anyone has scarlet fever or smallpox all the friends go and call on the patient. Yet they have many books on medicine, and have learned the use of herbs.

"The Chinese have always had a great regard for books, and now the demand for Western literature, which of course has to be translated into their native tongue, is very great. The classics are pure, the fiction is not. *Pilgrim's Progress* has been many times trans-

lated. All this has helped in this glorious Revolution. I say glorious because, although it now produces much suffering, the final results will be grand.

“The first actual battle was at Hankow, after the taking of Wuchang by the Revolutionists. As we came out of church we heard guns booming, and soon went to care for the wounded. Their spirit was noble. Some of them were mere boys who had only just become soldiers.

“‘Oh, how it hurts!’ they said, ‘but never mind. We won.’ One grand Chinese Christian physician was killed in the Boxer uprising because he would not burn incense to the gods!

“For a week we were in the midst of booming cannon and bursting shells. On November 1st, All Saints’ Day, Hankow was fired, and dead and wounded came floating down the river. This fire was set by the Imperialists, and was a magnificent sight. Churches were used for hospitals, and men and women of every class turned in to help the wounded. Now and then we would see the Revolutionary troops marching.

“Both Lucy and I have been taking lessons from the doctors in general nursing, and especially in bandaging. She is getting even more

skilful than I, and oh, she is so brave! A true helpmeet! The Red Cross workers—what a blessing they are to the world!—go about with badges on their left arms. Everybody is very busy helping.

“Imagine us at our first morning duty, washing the patients’ faces, and giving each one a cup of tea!

“The Provisional President of the new Republic, Yuan Shi Kai, believes in Christianity, and Dr. Sun Yat Sen is a Christian. They want to develop the resources of the country and benefit the whole people, bringing peace and order out of chaos, if only foreign nations will help and not interfere with the good work.

“They all want China to follow in the footsteps of America. What a tribute to us, and how proud it makes one feel of one’s country; and yet, alas, there are so many blots on our beautiful escutcheon! Oh, if only we were all as good as we ought to be!

“And now, Auntie dear, I must close, though I know you are not tired. Thank God that in the midst of perils we have been protected, and are safe and happy as well as very, very busy with our work.

“Some of these days we shall be home again for a visit; meanwhile write to us very often, and tell us about everybody and everything. You do not know how we crave all the details of our dear ones, and the old life.

“Your loving boy,

“ARTHUR.”

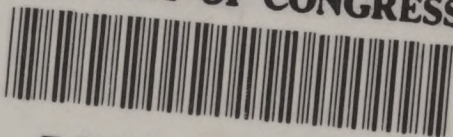
When Aunt Han had read his letter with glistening eyes, she kissed it and murmured,

“My own true Knight, without fear and without reproach!”

THE END



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